

SPAWN



CAPULLA
EG
MCFARIANE

DAN.

97 | HEAVEN'S FOLLY

DEDICATED TO
ALL THOSE WHO STAND UP
FOR WHAT THEY BELIEVE IN.

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SPAWN 96 SUMMARY


The demons' mission to attract Spawn to the area is successful when he arrives to investigate the 13 burning corpses placed in a sacrificial circle as bait for the mighty Urizen. In the ensuing battle, Spawn is badly beaten by the powerful Urizen and left impaled upon a pole where he is soon reclaimed by the Earth. Meanwhile, Wanda awakens from a nightmare about her baby to find Terry missing from their bed. Later, as the demons hasten to engage in some earthly sins before they are returned, Angela catches them and asks for an explanation of their mission.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
SPAWN.COM



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DREAM DEEP,
SOLDIER...
AWAKEN AND
DREAM...

GREEN-SHADED
SLUMBERS...
PULSING WITH THE
HEARTBEAT OF
A WORLD...

EARTH-
WATER-
FIRE-
AIR.

FOREST
AND RIVER...
STONE AND
SKY...

THE
GREENWORLD
CALLS YOU
HOME...

BEAR
WITNESS,
SOLDIER:
TO WHAT IS...
WHAT WAS...
WHAT CAN
NEVER BE.

DARK
URIZEN,
IMPRISONED IN
THE VOID.

LEVELER
OF HOPE...
DESTRUCTOR
OF DREAMS...
LOOSED
UPON THE
WORLD.

POISONOUS,
SOUL-DESTROYING
URIZEN...

YOUR
REASON...

ABOVE...
HEAVEN'S FOLLY:
SILVER-CLAD
WARRIOR MAIDENS...
A SECOND
REBELLION...

BELOW...
HELL'S
REVENGE:
DEMONIC
SCOURGES...
ARMIES
OF THE
DAMNED...

BETWEEN...
A WORLD
IN TERROR.
SCORCHED
EARTH...
POISONED
SEAS...

A SOUL-LESS
WASTELAND...
A LIVING
NIGHTMARE...

THIS
CANNOT
COME TO
PASS...

WE MUST
END IT...

YOU
MUST
END
IT...



AWAKE,
SOLDIER.
GO FORTH
TO WAR.

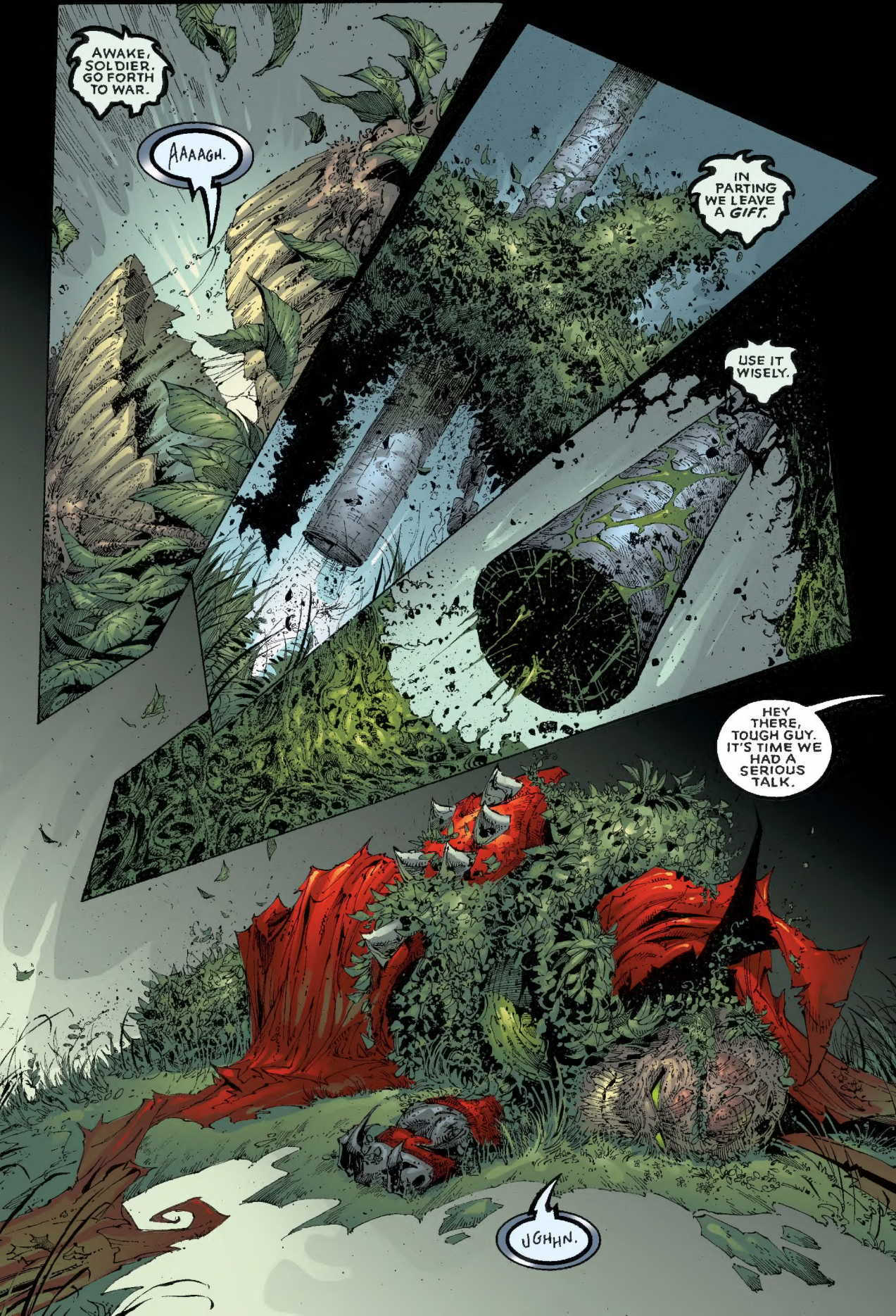
AAAAGH.

IN
PARTING
WE LEAVE
A GIFT.

USE IT
WISELY.

HEY
THERE,
TOUGH GUY.
IT'S TIME WE
HAD A
SERIOUS
TALK.

UGHHN.





ANGELA...?

LISTEN
CLOSELY:
EVERYTHING
YOU HAVE EVER
BEEN TOLD IS
A *LIE*...



WHAT?

I'M KIDDING. I ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY THAT. OH, THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE.

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR GAMES.

LET ME HELP YOU UP. THAT LOOKS LIKE IT REALLY HURT.



BACK OFF!

WHAT...

DO...

YOU...

WANT?



WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'M HERE TO SAVE THE DAY. IT'S WHAT I DO BEST.

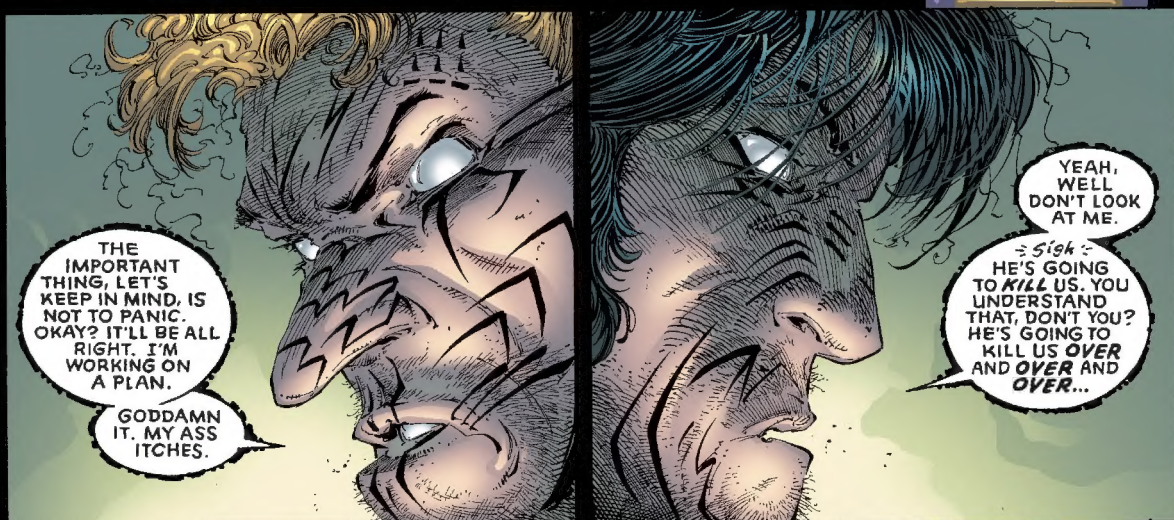
I DON'T TRUST YOU.

PLEASE. IF I WANTED TO KILL YOU I'D HAVE DONE SO WHILE YOU WERE LYING THERE LIKE A GREAT BIG MARTINI OLIVE STUCK WITH A TOOTHPICK. I TOLD YOU. I'M HERE TO HELP.



BUT THERE IS KIND OF A CLOCK TICKING HERE, SPAWN.

SO DO YOU WANT TO STAND AROUND SCOWLING OR SHALL WE GO SAVE THE WORLD?

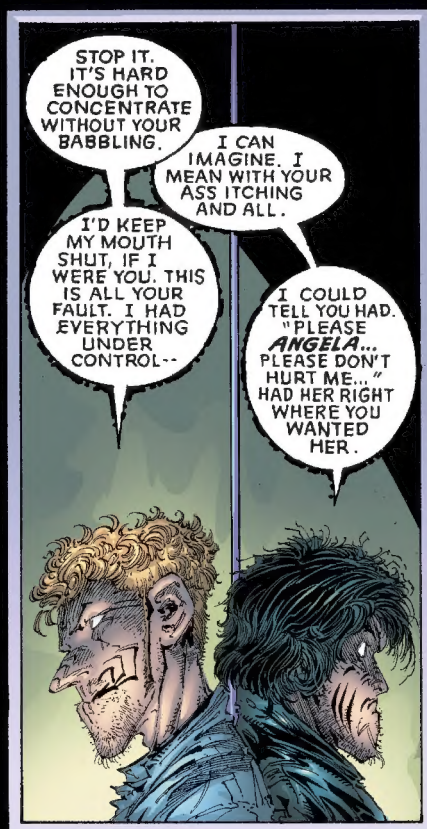


THE IMPORTANT THING, LET'S KEEP IN MIND, IS NOT TO PANIC. OKAY? IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I'M WORKING ON A PLAN.

GODDAMN IT. MY ASS ITCHES.

YEAH, WELL DON'T LOOK AT ME.

~Sigh~
HE'S GOING TO **KILL** US. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU? HE'S GOING TO KILL US **OVER** AND **OVER** AND **OVER**...



STOP IT. IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO CONCENTRATE WITHOUT YOUR BABBLING.

I CAN IMAGINE. I MEAN WITH YOUR ASS ITCHING AND ALL.

I'D KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT, IF I WERE YOU. THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT. I HAD EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL--

I COULD TELL YOU HAD. "PLEASE **ANGELA**... PLEASE DON'T HURT ME..." HAD HER RIGHT WHERE YOU WANTED HER.



I WAS... I WAS LAYING A TRAP FOR HER. WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO **POUNCE**.

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED. THE WAY YOU WERE CURLED UP IN A BALL ON THE GROUND. "NOW, WHEN'S HE GOING TO **POUNCE**," I KEPT WONDERING.

JUST SHUT UP, OKAY?

SO HOW'S THAT PLAN COMING?

SHUT UP.

NO SERIOUSLY. KEEP ME POSTED. I'M **VERY** INTERESTED.

IT IS AN ILL
WIND THAT BLOWS
THROUGH MALICE,
PENNSYLVANIA.



DARK
DAYS...

DARK
DAYS ARE
COMIN',
MARK MY
WORDS.



REST
IN PEACE,
LITTLE
ANGELS.
BETTER
OFF THIS
WAY.



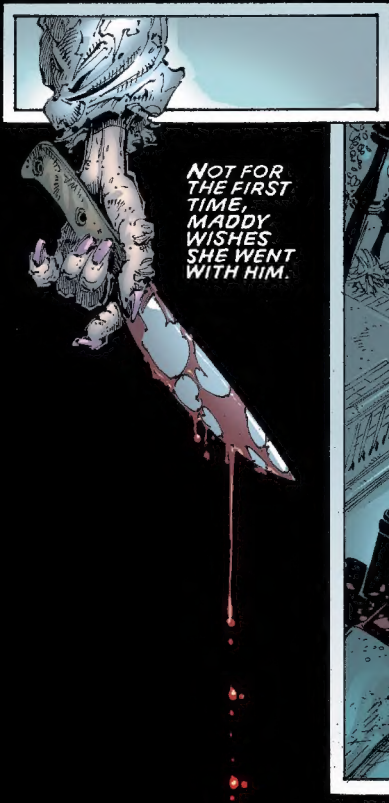
THIS
WILL
BE NO
WORLD FOR
CHILDREN
SOON.



MARK
MY
WORDS.

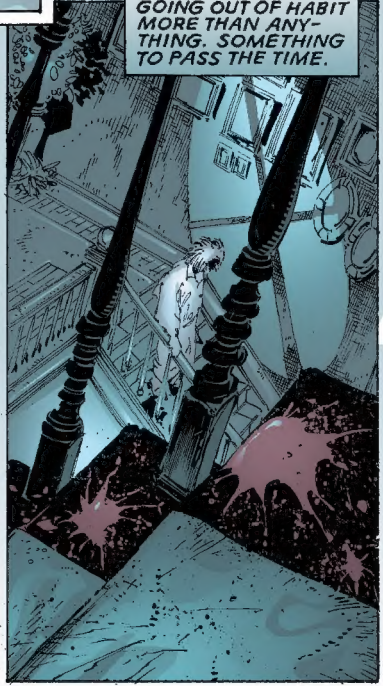


MADDY GRANGE'S
HUSBAND, HAL, DIED
ELEVEN YEARS AGO,
A STROKE OVER HIS
MORNING COFFEE.



NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, MADDY WISHES SHE WENT WITH HIM.

SHE KEPT THE BED AND BREAKFAST GOING OUT OF HABIT MORE THAN ANYTHING. SOMETHING TO PASS THE TIME.



BEST GET DOWN-STAIRS NOW. GUESTS WILL NEED TENDING TO.

DARK DAYS ARE COMIN'.



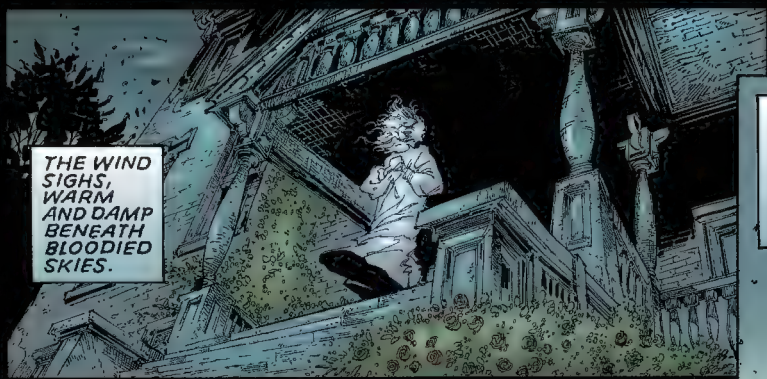
TURNS OUT, THEY STARTED WITHOUT HER.



MADDY TASTES SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF HER THROAT. ACRID YET SWEET, LIKE BITTER CHOCOLATE.

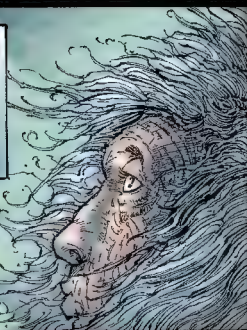
IT TAKES HER A MOMENT TO REALIZE WHAT IT IS: THE TASTE OF MURDER.





THE WIND
SIGHS,
WARM
AND DAMP
BENEATH
BLOODIED
SKIES.

SHE ALWAYS
WONDERED IF
SHE WOULD
LIVE THIS LONG.
LONG ENOUGH
TO SEE THE
END OF THE
WORLD.



MARK
MY
WORDS...



THIS IS
ONLY GOING
TO GET
WORSE.

THREE MILES TO TOWN.
MADDY FIGURES SHE'D
BEST GET MOVING.



UNBELIEVABLE.

THE ÆTHER, A SLIVER
OF TIME-SPACE
VIBRATING HALF A
HEARTBEAT FROM
"NORMAL" REALITY.

DARK
URIZEN
MOVES
ACROSS THE
WORLD.

STEEL
YOURSELF,
SISTERS...

...FOR THE
BATTLE
OF **ALL**
BATTLES.

MANY
AMONG
US ARE TOO
YOUNG TO
REMEMBER THE
LAST TIME URIZEN
ROAMED FREE.
BUT YOU HAVE
HEARD THE
STORIES. LET
ME ASSURE
YOU, THEY ARE
TRUE.

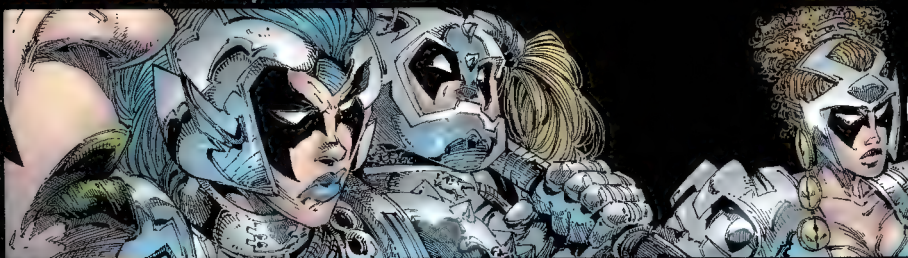
THIS IS
WHAT WE WERE
CREATED FOR. THE
HOUR IS UPON US.
ARE YOU EQUAL TO
THE CHALLENGE?

YES!

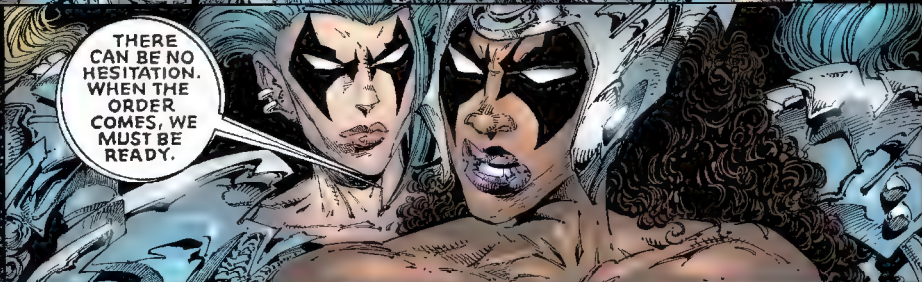
YES!

YES,
YOUR
GRACE!





GOOD.
ASTRA! BETHANY!
PREPARE YOUR
SQUADRONS. URIZEN
GROWS STRONGER BY
THE HOUR. THE
SOONER WE
ATTACK, THE
BETTER.

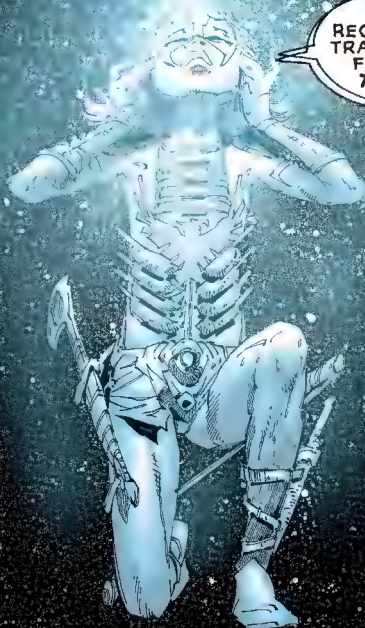


THERE
CAN BE NO
HESITATION.
WHEN THE
ORDER
COMES, WE
MUST BE
READY.



EXCUSE ME,
YOUR GRACE...

YES,
MNEMOSYNE.
WHAT IS IT?

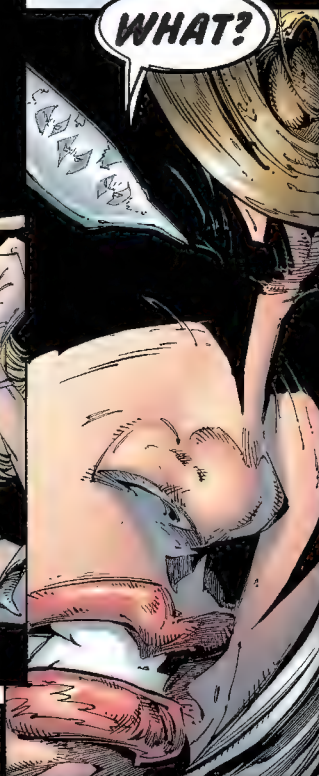
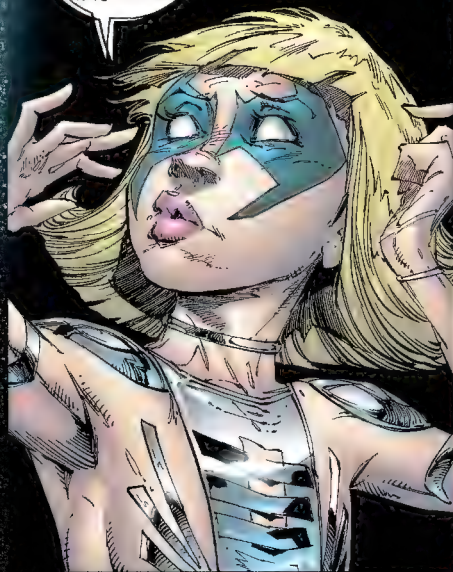


I AM
RECEIVING A
TRANSMISSION
FROM THE
THRONE.

I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND.
THERE MUST
BE SOME
MISTAKE.

THE ORDER
IS TO **STAND
DOWN**. NOT TO
INTERFERE.

WHAT?

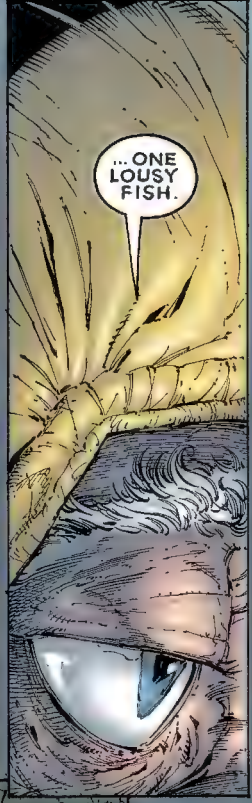




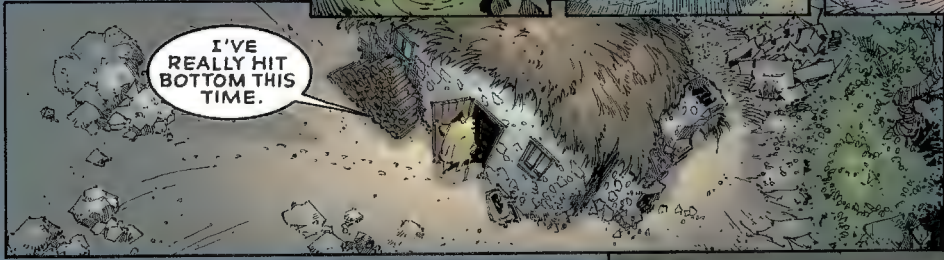
NOVA
SCOTIA...



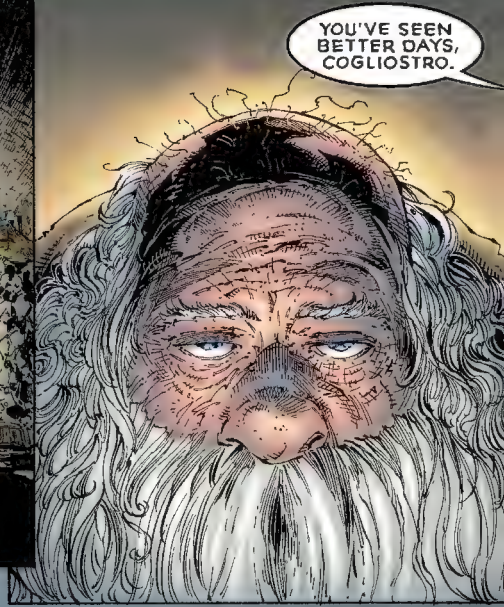
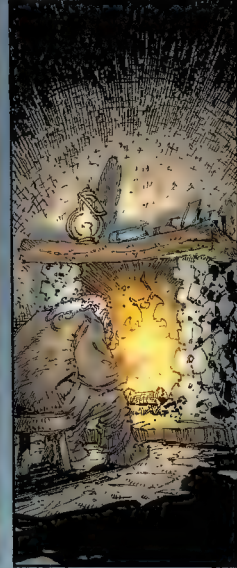
TEN
HOURS OF
FISHING...



... ONE
LOUSY
FISH.



I'VE
REALLY HIT
BOTTOM THIS
TIME.



YOU'VE SEEN
BETTER DAYS,
COGLIOSTRO.



WHO?



MY GOD!
NO!



SPAWN!



HOW
DID YOU
FIND ME?
WHO SENT
YOU?

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT
FROM
ME?

CALM
DOWN, OLD
MAN. WE'RE
NOT GOING
TO HURT YOU.
NOT IF YOU
TELL US WHAT
WE WANT TO
KNOW.



QUESTION ONE:
URIZEN.

WHAT ABOUT HIM? HE'S--

LOOSE. THAT'S WHAT HE IS.

LOOSE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE THEN, WASTING TIME WITH ME? HAS HEAVEN ATTACKED YET?



NO. YOU'RE SURE THEY WILL?

OF COURSE THEY WILL. THEY CAN'T LET HIM ROAM WILD. BUT WHEN HEAVEN ACTS--

-- SO WILL **HELL**. WE'VE WORKED THAT BIT OUT. TELL US ABOUT **URIZEN**. HOW DO WE DESTROY HIM?



YOU CAN'T. NO ONE CAN. YOU CAN **CONTAIN** HIM, BUT YOU CAN'T DESTROY HIM.

HE'S BEEN BOUND SINCE BEFORE MEMORY. IT TOOK THE ARMIES OF HEAVEN AND HELL COMBINED TO IMPRISON HIM.

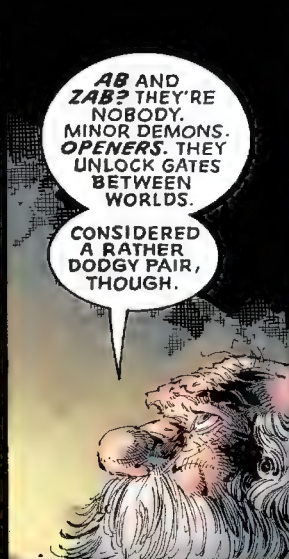
HE NEGATES SOULS. DEVOURS SPIRITUAL ENERGY. HE'S THE END OF **EVERYTHING**.

WHAT ELSE?

THERE'S BITS AND PIECES. BLAKE WROTE OF HIM. BUT HE'S NOT THE MOST RELIABLE SOURCE. HARD TO TELL WHAT'S POETRY AND WHAT'S PROPHECY.



OKAY.
QUESTION TWO:
**ABBADON AND
ZABRAXAS.**



**AB AND
ZAB?** THEY'RE
NOBODY.
MINOR DEMONS.
OPENERS. THEY
UNLOCK GATES
BETWEEN
WORLDS.

CONSIDERED
A RATHER
DODGY PAIR,
THOUGH.



WHO
WOULD
SEND
THEM?
WHOSE
CIRCLE
DO THEY
BELONG
TO?



NO ONE'S.
THEY'RE
FREELANCERS.
GUNS FOR
HIRE.



OKAY.
LET'S MOVE
ON TO THE
BONUS ROUND.
WHY WOULD
SOMEONE HIRE
TWO LOSER
DEMONS TO
RELEASE
URIZEN?

WHY? TO
HURRY THE
APOCALYPSE.
TO END THE
WORLD.

WE
KNOW
THAT.
BUT WHY?
WHY
NOW?



I DON'T
KNOW.

THINK!

I...
DON'T...
KNOW...



LEAVE
HIM. HE'S
OF NO USE
TO US.

THE
ÆTHER.

SOMEONE
APPROACHES.

DOMINA!

GREETINGS,
SISTER
URANIA. I
WOULD SPEAK
WITH YOU!

HAVE
YOU RECEIVED
THIS **IDIOTIC**
COMMAND TO
STAND **IDLE** WHILE
THE WORLD IS
RIPPED TO
SHREDS?

YES, WE
HAVE. WE
THOUGHT IT A
MISTAKE. BUT
MNEMOSYNE
HAS CONFIRMED
IT WITH THE
THRONE.

MISTAKE?
OF COURSE
IT'S A
MISTAKE.
MORE THAN
THAT, IT IS
MADNESS.

TIME
IS SHORT,
SO I SHALL
BE BRIEF.

THERE HAS
BEEN TALK AMONG
MY PHALANX. WE HAVE
DECIDED WE **CANNOT**
ACCEPT THIS ORDER.
WE ARE GOING TO
ACT OF OUR OWN
ACCORD.

THAT IS
HERESY.

AYE,
THAT IT IS.
WILL YOU
JOIN US?

WAIT!
WAIT!
COME,
BACK!

THEY-
THEY'LL
FIND ME
NOW.
SPAWN?

WHAT
DO I
DO?

START
RUNNING,
OLD
MAN.

THERE'S STILL
SOMETHING MISSING.
SOMETHING I DIDN'T
SHAKE OUT OF THOSE
TWO MONGRELS.

WHO'S
BEHIND
THIS? WHO
WOULD
BENEFIT
FROM A
PREMATURE
APOC-
ALYPTIC.

THAT'S
A
JOKE--

HEY,
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

TO
FINISH
THIS.


WAIT.

I SAID
WAIT!

YOU
DARE...



COME ON!
WOULD YOU
RELAX? GOD,
YOU'RE EVEN
GLOOMIER
THAN
BEFORE!



OH! IS
THAT HOW
IT'S GOING
TO BE, HUH?
YOU WANT
TO PLAY
ROUGH?



ALL RIGHT,
HELLSPAWN.
CONSIDER
YOURSELF
WARNED--



THIS
TIME THE
GLOVES
COME
OFF!



Mmm-
WHAA!

A close-up panel showing Spawn and Silk Spectre II. Spawn, with his characteristic green eyes and dark, textured skin, is looking down at Silk Spectre II. She has long, flowing red hair and is wearing a red and black costume. They are in a very close, intimate pose.

WHAT
WAS THAT?
WHY DID YOU
KISS
ME?

A close-up panel of Silk Spectre II. She has voluminous, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a black mask with white eye lenses. She has a confident, slightly smug expression on her face.


BECAUSE,
SPAWN
DARLING,
IT WAS THE
LAST THING
YOU WERE
EXPECTING.

A panel showing Silk Spectre II and Spawn standing on a rooftop at night. They are silhouetted against a bright, full moon. Purple smoke or energy is swirling around them. Silk Spectre II is on the left, and Spawn is on the right.

THAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM: YOU DON'T
ALLOW FOR THE
UNEXPECTED.

LISTEN, I CAN
APPRECIATE THE
WHOLE "MAN OF ACTION"
THING, BUT CIRCUMSTAN-
CES REQUIRE A BIT
MORE **REFLEC-**
TION, OKAY?

YOU
CAN'T
JUST
REACT
ALL THE
TIME.

A close-up panel of Spawn's face. He has a menacing, intense expression with his green eyes glowing. He is wearing his signature red cape.

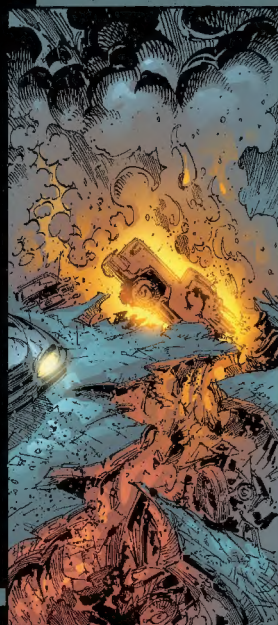
I MEAN,
YOU HAVEN'T
EVEN BOTHERED
TO FIGURE OUT
WHAT YOU'VE
BECOME.



THEY
MOVE
SLOWLY
NOW,
THOSE
WHO
SURVIVE.



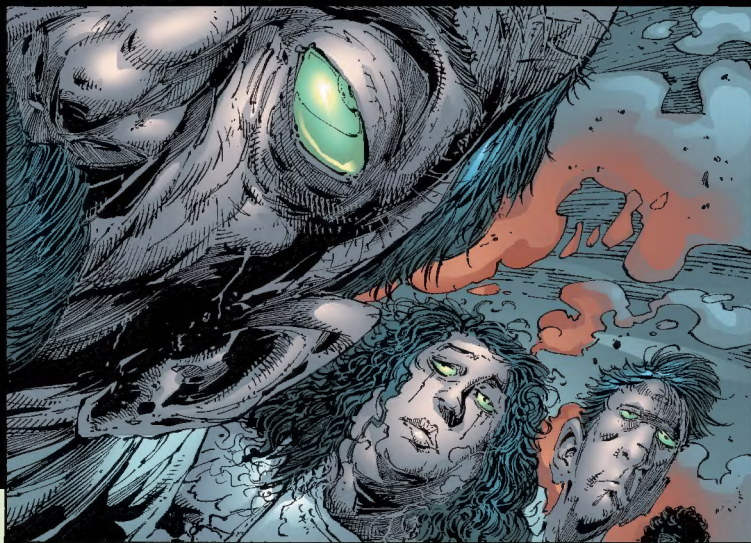
THOSE
WHO
WERE
NOT
DRIVEN
TO
SUICIDE
BY
MADNESS
AND
DESPAIR.



SILENTLY
THEY
COME,
LIKE
MOTHS
TO A
CANDLE.



THEIR
DIRGE-
LIKE
PACE
IN STEP
WITH
SOME
UNHEARD
FUNERAL
MARCH.



BENEATH
THEIR
FEET,
THE
GROUND
TREMBLES
AND
QUAKES...

... RUMBLING TO THE
SOUND OF A DARK
GOD'S LAUGHTER.



TO BE
CONTINUED.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE